Truths Shared

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Truths Shared

by MeteoraWrites

Summary

Will gives an anxious chuckle, and he averts his eyes as he raises his glass to take another sip. The amber liquid reminding him of the shade of Hannibal's eyes. "I assume you're familiar with LGBT identities and orientations, given your years as a doctor and psychiatrist?"

Nodding, Hannibal raises his glass and swirls the red wine inside it a bit as he thinks on the many papers he's read, as well as a few he himself has written. "I am quite familiar with them, actually. I myself identify as pansexual," he confesses, hoping that bit of information will make whatever it is Will is leading up to telling him a bit easier to share.

Instead, it stuns Will for a moment.

Notes

This is set in season one when Will still trusts Hannibal and believes they're friends.

I had a mighty need to write some asexual omega Will. I need more diversity in the a/b/o universe. And I like the idea of it being a little more modern when it comes to orientations and identities.

And thank you to Milli for beta reading and editing for me <3

See the end of the work for more notes

It's late. Much later than Will usually stays when he pays his weekly visits to Hannibal. They're sitting by the fire. A companionable silence filling the space between them. Both men are content to relax in front of the fire with a drink in hand. Red wine for Hannibal, whiskey on the rocks for Will.

The faintest scent of anxiety has been clinging to Will all night. Not as strong as it tends to be when he's been working. It's been a good week for him. No new murders to solve, and it's the winter break, so he hasn't had to give any lectures or grade any papers. Hannibal figures at this point that Will must always have a hint of it in his scent. He's never smelled him without it, usually accompanied by that horrible aftershave he uses to cover his natural omega sweetness.

Will clears his throat, drawing Hannibal's attention to him from where his gaze has settled on the flickering flames they sit by. When their eyes meet, Will swallows and licks his lips before taking a sip of whiskey. He lets the intoxicating burning sensation of it sliding down his throat be his excuse to himself for saying what he's about to say next.

"Can I tell you something about myself? Something I don't tell others..." Will trails off.

That gets a raised brow and the faintest curious smile from Hannibal. "You are welcome to say anything you feel comfortable sharing with me, Will. I promise never to judge you for anything you say to me inside these four walls."

Will gives an anxious chuckle, and he averts his eyes as he raises his glass to take another sip. The amber liquid reminding him of the shade of Hannibal's eyes. "I assume you're familiar with LGBT identities and orientations, given your years as a doctor and psychiatrist?"

Nodding, Hannibal raises his glass and swirls the red wine inside it a bit as he thinks on the many papers he's read, as well as a few he himself has written. "I am quite familiar with them, actually. I myself identify as pansexual," he confesses, hoping that bit of information will make whatever it is Will is leading up to telling him a bit easier to share.

Instead, it stuns Will for a moment, making him look up and lock eyes with Hannibal as he tries to detect if the Alpha is lying to him. When he finds no sign of a lie, he reaches up with his free hand and awkwardly rubs at his neck in an attempt to relax the tensing muscles there. "So you're familiar with asexuality then."

It's a statement, not a question, and Hannibal nods. He's read quite a few articles on the subject, as well as treated a few patients over the years that identified as asexual. "I am. It's quite a fascinating orientation if I am completely honest. Often misunderstood and treated as if it is not a true orientation, but rather the result of either a hormone imbalance or past sexual trauma. Both of which are incorrect, with very few exceptions. It is as valid an orientation as my own."

Will visibly relaxes, shoulders sagging ever so slightly. Reassured by his friend's understanding and words. "So then if I were to tell you that I identify as asexual…?" He looks away, eyes focusing on the fire.

He’s a little afraid to see the look Hannibal has to be giving him right now. He promised not to judge, and just agreed that Will’s orientation is valid… But an asexual omega is something people generally consider to be impossible given that they have a near overwhelming biological drive to procreate. The vast majority of out asexuals in the LGBT community are betas. He’s only read about three out ace omegas and they have gotten a lot of grief for being open with their identities.

“If that is how you identify, Will, then I fully accept you as you are. And I thank you for feeling you can trust me with that truth about yourself. Coming out to some is quite difficult. Especially when it's an identity or orientation that isn’t well known or understood.” Hannibal tilts his head slightly and studies Will’s features in the firelight. He sees what he thinks might be tears shining in Will’s blue eyes, but the smell of burning oak covers the salty smell that naturally comes with tears.

The smile that spills across Will’s face is the most genuinely happy one Hannibal has seen from Will outside of when he’s smiling at his dogs. It’s beautiful. And it still tugs at Will’s features as he raises his glass to down the last of his whiskey. “Thank you... You’re the first person I’ve spoken to about this that hasn’t cast doubt on me or insinuated in some way that I’m broken for my identifying as ace.”

Hannibal can’t resist smiling back. The joy radiating from the omega is infectious. “I truly am sorry to hear others have reacted so poorly to you sharing your truth in the past, Will. But I am grateful that you felt you could share it with me now.”

“I’m grateful to you, too, Hannibal,” Will says with one more moment of brief eye contact with the alpha. “It’s late, I should get home to my dogs.”

“Of course.” Hannibal sets his glass aside and moves to walk Will to the door, bidding him goodnight before closing it behind him. He has some things to think about. Knowing Will is asexual doesn’t change how he feels about him in the slightest. It just presents a new challenge for him to find a solution to. He’s an older alpha. He doesn’t go into rut as often as someone Will’s age would. And even when he does he doesn’t need an omega to cope with it like some do. He could make being with the younger man work, if he’ll have him that is...

End Notes

So for this, asexual still means they feel no sexual attraction. Pansexual means, in Hannibal's case, being attracted to everyone, including other alphas, which was widely frowned upon, just like omegas being with other omegas.

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